

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MAY 8, 1927

The Garden of Happiness

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

CHARACTERS

Little Boy The North Wind
His Mother The West Wind
The East Wind The South Wind

COSTUMES

East Wind: Orange tunic, trimmed with autumn leaves. Crown of leaves. Crimson scarf.

North Wind: White tunic, trimmed with silver tinsel. Silver-tipped wand. White scarf. Tinsel crown.

West Wind: Light green tunic, trimmed with spring flowers. Crown of flowers. Pale blue scarf.

South Wind: Light pink tunic, trimmed with tiny roses and forget-me-nots. Golden wand. Crown of roses. Rainbow-colored scarf.

One person may take the parts of all four winds if desired.
Little Boy and his Mother in present-day dress.

ACT I

SCENE I

Time: The Present. A day in May.

Scene: In the living room of a small country house. A boy of five or six years is seated on the floor, a blossoming plant in a flower pot beside him. He is loosening the earth about the roots of the plant. After a moment he calls to his mother, who is in another room.

Little Boy:

Oh, please, oh, please, my mother dear,
I want a garden so this year!
I want a garden all my own,
To tend the flowers there alone.

Mother:

My little lad, just yesterday
I told you "No." Run out and play.
Your little friends are at the gate,—
Go quickly, or they'll have to wait.



Mother's Day

BY D. PRISCILLA EDGERTON

A leafy tree, a whirr of wings,
Straight to her nest she knows the way;
A stir of tiny helpless things,
Fed and reared: IT'S MOTHER'S DAY.

A fluffy ball, all cuddly small,
Whose warmth and comfort, sleep and play,
Are watched for any fright or fall,
To heal or fend: IT'S MOTHER'S DAY.

Uncertain steps; wee, helpless hands,
All little ones must learn the way;
So God sent each the one who stands
For love and care: IT'S MOTHER'S DAY.

[The Little Boy starts to cry, but checks his tears, and goes slowly from the room.]

SCENE II

Time: The following night.

Scene: The boy's bedroom, with the boy in bed and asleep.

[Enter: the East Wind, who bends over the boy and touches him with her scarf. Boy awakes, and sleepily rubs his eyes. Then he stares at the East Wind in amazement.]

Little Boy:

O magic lady, who are you?
And are you just a dream . . . or true?

East Wind:

The East Wind is my name, so free,
And I'm as real as real can be.
I know you want a bit of earth
To make the flowers reflect your mirth!
A garden, wild and fair, have I,
Which flaunts its colors toward the sky;
And, dear, it shall be yours, you'll see,
If you but wish it . . . Come with me!

[Little Boy slips out of bed, putting his hand in East Wind's, and they run off together.]

SCENE III

Time: Same as Scene I.

Scene: The East Wind's garden.

[Enter: Little Boy and East Wind, hand in hand.]

East Wind:

The purple asters light the gypsy paths,
And leaves of amber beauty clothe the trees;
While Indian Summer with a lavish hand
Heaps high her golden harvest 'round my knees.

Little Boy:

But look! your flowers are dying there.
Your brilliant trees will soon be bare!
The garden will be dead quite soon.
I want a place that's always June!

[He breaks away from the East Wind, and runs out of the garden.]

ACT II

SCENE I

Time: The second night.

Scene: The boy's bedroom. Boy asleep.

[Enter: The North Wind. She comes with a cold breeze, and the Little Boy stirs uncomfortably.]

Little Boy:

What makes my room so cold and raw?

[He opens his eyes, and sees the North Wind]

O East Wind, is it you once more?

North Wind:

The North Wind, icy, bleak, am I,
Who whistles 'round the mountains high;

Who frosts the windows through the nights,
And gives the children appetites.

I freeze the waters of the pond,
And touch the tree-tops with my wand.

I have a garden, silver-white,
For you, child . . . Follow me to-night.

[Exit the North Wind and Little Boy.]

SCENE II

Time: Same as Scene I.

Scene: The North Wind's garden.

[Enter: Little Boy and North Wind. Boy a step behind her.]

North Wind:

All — all is covered with soft, shining snow.

Each flower is in its gentle bed of white.

Hushed — still — my garden lies in winter's hold,

Silver and silent through the long, long night.

Little Boy (sadly):

O North Wind, hark! no birdies sing;
No breezes sweet the fragrance bring
Of bursting blooms, and every one
Is buried from the gleaming sun!

[He runs out of the garden.]

ACT III

SCENE I

Time: The third night.

Scene: The boy's bedroom. Boy asleep.

[Enter: The West Wind. She touches the boy with her scarf. Boy slowly awakens, and sees West Wind.]

Little Boy:

Which wind are you, the South or West?

Your garden . . . shall I like it best?

West Wind:

From out the West I swiftly fly,
And with new azure fill the sky.
I mark the way for Springtime's feet,
The morning lark . . . the wee lamb's bleat!
Anemones are coming up;
The dainty crocus lifts its cup
To catch the dew, so sweet and mild.
My garden's fairest . . . Come, oh, child!

[Exit the West Wind and Little Boy together.]

SCENE II

Time: Same as Scene I.

Scene: The West Wind's garden.

[Enter: West Wind and Little Boy whose waist is encircled by her scarf.]

West Wind:

See! See! My lad, the earth is turning green!

The little brooks are radiant once more!

Wild strawberries are scarlet in the fields,

While daffodils the violets adore!

Little Boy (hesitating):

I — I know it all seems very gay:

Earth being born again to-day.

But yet . . . I think I'll wait, you see,

For South Wind's coming probably!

[He moves away, waving his hand to the West Wind.]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Time: Fourth night.

Scene: The boy's bedroom. Boy asleep.

[Enter: The South Wind. She brushes the boy's face with a rose, and he awakes.]

Little Boy:

Dear South Wind, is it really you?

Oh, now it's not a dream — it's true!

South Wind:

Yes, I am here, my little boy,
To bring you every kind of joy.

I have a garden, warm and fair,
With roses, roses everywhere!

There bluebirds carol to the sky;
Each flower holds a butterfly.

It is a sparkling fairyland,

Yours, if you wish it . . . Take my hand!

[Exit South Wind and Little Boy.]

SCENE II

Time: Same as Scene I.

Scene: The South Wind's garden.

[Enter: South Wind and Little Boy together.]

South Wind:

Here, lad, the roses never, never fade;

'Tis always summer 'neath these turquoise skies.

This is the Garden, child, of Happiness:

The South Wind's garden . . . birds, and butterflies.

Little Boy:

I choose this garden, South Wind, dear,

Because it blossoms all the year.

This garden's full of happiness,

And always wears a summer dress.

[South Wind stoops and kisses Little Boy.]

South Wind:

See! Mother dear, right over there!

Run . . . put your arms about her!

Forgive her for the words she said . . .

Little Boy: I couldn't do without her!

[He runs through one of the paths of the garden, with arms outstretched. South Wind stands gazing after him.]

The Cat and the Captain

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

CHAPTER V

EVERY fine morning at about ten, the Captain went down to the docks to see his vessel, the *Lively Ann*. On the last voyage he had suffered a good deal from rheumatism, and his married daughter had persuaded him to stay ashore for a year or two. It was no distance from the house to the wharves and the Cat often watched the sparrows fly from their own hedge to the rigging of the schooners. When the Captain went to see the *Ann*, the Cat went too, walking ahead with his tail proudly in the air. If he saw a dog, he stood on his toes, ruffled up his hair, made his back into an arch, and spit like a fire-cracker. The dog then remembered something he had left on the other side of the street, well out of reach. At that the Cat would give one last look and spit, daring him to come on, and then trot off again ahead of the Captain, with his tail in the air. When they got to the wharves, they both went aboard the *Lively Ann*. While the Captain walked around the deck seeing that everything

as in place, the Cat tried to help by going down into the cabin and the hold to make sure that there were no rats. He was a silent cat. His little feet moved without a sound and his eyes were like two lanterns. He looked into every corner and smelled at every hole. It would take a brave rat to bring his family on board the *Lively Ann*!

When the Cat had made quite sure about rats, he went on deck again and sat by the door of the ship's gallery. Many a good dinner had he eaten there in past years. The last cook had been a Chinaman with slanting eyes like the

cat's. He, too, liked to be by himself and do things at his own time in his own way. But he, too, knew how to be fond of his friends. He sometimes gave the Cat the nicest things to eat — better than anyone's. The Cat liked Chinamen. Susannah gave him only what was left after she and the Captain had eaten the best of everything. He often had to sit and watch her putting into her mouth things he was sure he'd like for himself. He didn't think much of Susannah, anyway.

The Captain took a piece of newspaper out of his pocket (he always carried a

great many things with him in case he might want them) and then he unlocked his locker in the cabin, and took out a can of white paint and put it on the paper. It seemed to him that the rail looked a little shabby and he loved to see the *Lively Ann* ship-shape. He was very careful not to get any paint on the deck. With a big brush he began painting the rail. The Cat was curious. Pretty soon he had to jump on the rail to see what was going on.

"Scoot!" cried the Captain, and the Cat scooted. But every time he hit the deck, there was a little white pawmark of fresh paint. The Captain was cross, but the Cat was crosser. The paint stuck between his toes. He had to sit down and spread each paw like a fan and lick and bite all the paint off. And what faces he made at the taste of it!

When he was all clean again he lay on a pile of rope and watched the sea-gulls. They had long wings, and big sliding shadows. They floated over his head and mewed almost like kittens. When a shadow passed very near him, he always got ready to spring at it. But he knew in his heart that no sea-gull would ever come within reach and he had learned that he couldn't hold a shadow, for all his twenty claws. So, after a while he grew tired of the sea-gulls, and climbed out on the wharf to watch the fish through the cracks, swimming around in the water below. When he saw one move, his eyes grew greedy and he licked his lips. He didn't even hear Susannah ringing the dinner-bell from the house.

(To be continued)

They Do!

BY MARJORIE DILLON

School's dismissed! The children go
Homeward in a hurry;
Chattering like noisy jays,
All the street's a-flurry.

Queer — at every single house
Same thing happens daily, —
Bang of doors and prance of feet,
Voices lilting gaily.

Whether there is one — or six,
Vying with each other,
Every child, with all his lungs,
Enters crying, "Mother!"

Wisdom

BY MARJORIE SEYMOUR WATTS

Who paints the flowers,
And when is it done?
Mother says God,
Before the day's begun.
If I could only find Him
Painting just one,
I could ask about everything
Under the sun.



be queer but I have many times — and it's not spring fever either, because I have felt so on Christmas Eve in old Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill, when ten thousand yellow candles have lighted ten thousand carolers on their way to Bethlehem. And I have felt so in the Fall, when "the melancholy days are come."

So it's not spring fever; it is the joy of living — of living to say, "Thank you, World," and "You're welcome, World."

What is the greatest debt if it isn't LIFE?

And to whom do we owe life — our lives with their decency and fineness and ideals? You can't name a debt which comes into being of itself; there are no automatic debts. God or man is behind everything we enjoy.

We owe life to our mothers. Good men, bad men, and men half-way between; leading women, quiet women, and women on their own; working boys and shirking boys and boys who'll fill the bill; steady girls and skittish girls and girls who are neither one — all of them, every living mortal who cares to see another sunrise — owe this everlasting debt to her who shared her life with them and without whom they would not have been.

Did you ever think of your mother as sharing her life with you? as sharing her breath and mind and soul's best with you?

And to what end? for what purpose? So that you could grow to be a person. Motherhood is the only act of everlasting creation. You and I were brought into the world to be cared for in our helplessness, trained in our ignorance, and companioned in our confusion — all these the most sacred things to which our mothers gave their days and years. In their heart of hearts they want us to prove that all they did for us was well done and worth the doing, that all they did was done for a world grateful — to them, our mothers.

The chance to live is a debt. There is only one way to pay it — to be the strongest, noblest, ablest person you can be — to make your mother glad every day of your life that she shared her breath and mind and soul with you to give you to a grateful world.

HOW many debts there are to pay every day and all through life! To express our thanks and our wishes we say, "Thank you" and "I'd be much obliged if you would do . . ." and "I should be very grateful for . . ." There are debts in dollars and cents for shoes and ships and postage stamps and cabbages and eggs; there are books lent us to be returned in specie with a good book of our own as interest; there are doors held open for us in polite society and saplings in the woods when we are "trailing"; there are long sick-bed hours cheered by the visit of a thoughtful friend; there are dinner invitations and birthday presents. And these are only a few of the things we owe people for; we may be treated decently, politely, or lovingly — we always owe a debt of respect, courtesy, or affection, as the case may be.

All these debts — and some it is the greatest pleasure in the world to repay — all these debts are ours to pay because we are living people. We would not have them to pay if we were not living and we cannot pay them after we have grown old enough to go on the New Adventure. We enjoy and become debtors for the good things of life because we are alive and while we are alive.

Which makes us ask ourselves:

"What is the greatest debt of all if it isn't LIFE itself, and the sacred, wonderful chance to be a person?"

Did you ever think of life as the most wonderful chance which you will ever be given? Life is the chance to grow a person. Did you ever hug yourself at the pure joy of being a person? Well, I may



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

1015 NOYES ST.,
EVANSTON, ILL.

Dear Editor: I am a girl ten years of age and should like to have a button. I go to All Souls' Unitarian Sunday school. My class teacher's name is Mrs. Spalding. My minister's name is Mr. Bragg. Will some one of my age please write to me? I am sick and can only go to school in the morning. I am enclosing a poem which I hope you will like.

Your faithful member,
KATHLEEN RYAN.

72 So. PLEASANT ST.,
SHARON, MASS.

Dear Beacon Editor: I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here in Sharon. I have a little brother who is 1½ years old and I also have two sisters. I have been a member of the Beacon Club for a number of years. I always read *The Beacon* and like it.

Your friend,
ANNA SHEPARD.

461 OCEAN AVE.,
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade of Harbor School. I should like to exchange stamps with some other members of the club.

Yours truly,
ROGER RANSOM.

New members in Massachusetts are — Barbara Richardson, Ayer; Mary F. Stearns and Jack Reitzell, Deerfield; Christine Lowell, Boston; Virginia Borden, Beth Cook, Pearl Walton and Elberta Wilbur, Fall River; Roger Leonard, North Easton; Tommy Parker and Gertrude Dresser, Northfield; Gertrude Virginia Booth, Quincy; Joan L. Bogart, Waltham; Robert Hall, Upton; Marion and Courtney Little, Uxbridge; Franklin Burrell, Weymouth; Betty Branch, Worcester; David C. Chamberlain, Winchester.

Wanted!

The name and address of a young woman in a hospital in Palmer, Mass., who wrote a letter to the Beacon Club dated March 13, 1927. The second sheet of the letter has strayed from the editor's desk.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

BY RICHARD SCHULTES

In Salzburg, Austria — now in Czechoslovakia — on January 27, 1756, a little boy came into the Mozart family. Wolfgang Amadeus — as he always called himself, although he had many other names — showed his wonderful musical talent early in his life. At the age of four he had mastered the piano. He then tried to imitate his older sister's songs on the family harpsichord. At the age of six he had composed some sonatas and a concerto. At this time, his father, full of surprise, decided to take his son to Vienna where music was in high favor with the Court. When they reached Vienna they were kindly received by the Emperor and Empress who were also fine musicians and who did everything in their power to show their admiration of little Wolfgang. A tour through Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland brought them back again to Salzburg, where a great party was held in their honor.

Wolfgang had now grown much older and decided to visit Italy. His father had died and his mother had grown very feeble, so he had to go alone. In the winter of 1769 he started for sunny Italy. While there he wrote many operas and songs, among them "Don Giovanni." Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert were great "minuet" composers.

Like many other composers, Mozart wrote his masterpiece, and other beautiful compositions, in the darkest part of his life. He wrote "Die Zauberflöte" ("The Magic Flute") in 1791, only six months before his death. While working on a composition for an "unknown friend" he fainted and died. This was on December 5, 1791. His family was so poor that his wife could not afford the simplest kind of funeral. Thus died a great musician.

PUZZLERS

Hidden States

1. Oh, Iolanthe!
2. Clio, wake up!
3. Can Eva dance?
4. Cut a hole in it.
5. No, Emma, I never do.
6. You old bore, go next door!
7. She uses "Cutex" as a nail polish.
8. Susan and Adelaide Law are firm friends.
9. Trimmings of brilliant color adorned the tree.
10. We stayed at the Asteroid, a hostelry of distinction.

ALFRED W. HUDSON.

Double Acrostic

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Second and third letters reading downward spell two different seasons of the year.

1. A yard. 2. To demolish. 3. A volcano in Europe. 4. Dumb. 5. A sign. 6. Latin abbreviation for "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." — *Boylund.*

Answers to Puzzles in No. 30

- Twisted Vegetables. — 1. Parsnips. 2. Rutabaga. 3. Rhubarb. 4. Endive. 5. Watermelons. 6. Lettuce.
- Anagram Sentences.—1. Near, go. 2. An ogre. 3. Age, nor. 4. Nag, ore. 5. Rag, one. 6. No, rage.
- Charade.—Blue Jay.

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